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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and twenty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large, up-to-date, and reliable source of information, with interesting reading-matter, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. It is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, and is sent free to all subscribers. It is also available in microfilm and microfiche format.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffery, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Mondays. NEWPORT TEXT, No. 13, Knights of Macabees, Charles D. Davley, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays. COUNTY WAXTON, No. 679, Foresters of America, Alexander Nicol, Chief Ranger; Robert Johnston, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays. NEWPORT CAMP, No. 767, M. W. A., James W. Wilson, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer, Clerk; meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays. OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George E. Swan, Master Workman; Perry B. Davley, Recorder; meets second and fourth Wednesdays. MALBONE LODGE, No. 68, N. E. O. P. T. F. Allan, Warden; Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays. REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., George Russell, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets 1st and 4th Fridays. DAVID DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

Local Matters.

Pleasantly Entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., entertained the First Voters' Club, in honor of their son, Mr. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., who was a lieutenant in the company, at their residence on Chastelux avenue Monday evening. A street parade was first in order, under command of Captain Benjamin G. O'Neil, after which the company marched to Mr. Spencer's home, where they were pleasantly entertained. During the evening the following resolution was presented to Mr. Spencer: "We, the undersigned charter members of the First Republican Voters' Club, wish to express our most sincere thanks to Mr. Lorillard Spencer for making it possible to form this organization and maintain it through the campaign, and also to state that we will do all in our power to maintain and strengthen the party which we stand for."

There was a meeting of the Young Men's Republican Club on Monday evening, the eve of election, to talk matters over informally and to take action on club affairs. There was an attendance of thirty-five and those present took much interest in the organization. The executive committee, consisting of one member from each of the five wards, was appointed as follows: First ward, Harry Alger; second, William R. Harvey; third, Carl Jurgens, Jr.; fourth, C. Royal Blackmar, Jr.; fifth, Francis A. Wilbur. There are now about eighty members of the club, and the list is growing.

The Republican victory in this State grows more pronounced as the official count goes on. Woonsocket has sent a solid Republican delegation to the General Assembly. In Pawtucket the Democrats have saved only Fitzgerald from the wreck, and it looks as though he would be swamped before the official count is complete. Cranston's vote for Congress is rapidly dwindling and it looks now as though Rhode Island may yet be represented by two Republican Congressmen.

Grand Regent T. R. Spencer, accompanied by the board of grand officers, paid an official visit to Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum, in this city last evening.

New England still has one Democratic governor, but this time he hails from Massachusetts and not Rhode Island.

A gymnasium for the male members of Emmanuel Church is being erected on Hunt court.

Dr. Valentine Mott Francis arrived from Roxbury, Mass., the past week.

Supreme Court.

The common pleas division of the supreme court opened its November session in this city on Monday, Judge John T. Blodgett presiding. On the first day the docket was called and the cases to be tried at this session were assigned particular dates. The Angell will case was assigned as the first case at the next session of the court. The Black Island case against Edward M. Sullivan on the criminal docket was assigned for the first day of the January session.

The grand jury reported Wednesday afternoon. A true bill was found against William Chism, a colored youth, charged with the larceny of a pair of diamond earrings and a diamond ring, the property of Victoria A. Darrah. When arraigned the pleaded not guilty and bail was fixed at \$1000. Later he desired to retract his plea, but Judge Blodgett appointed Lawyer Callaghan to defend him.

There were ten Black Island names presented to the grand jury, some being charged with simple assault and some with assault with a dangerous weapon. The jury returned indictments against five—J. Eugene Littlefield, Erastus Rose, Eli Sprague, Simon T. Ball, and Frank M. Mott. The other five, Robert Smith, Joseph H. Willis, Everett A. Willis, James Ormsby and David Rose, were discharged, no bill being returned against them. The cases were set for trial next Monday. There was a short session of the court on Thursday. In the case of Robert W. Curry vs. Albert H. Olmstead, plaintiff remitted that portion of the verdict allowed defendant by the appellate division, and asked for judgment for the amount of the April verdict less the amount remitted. This will avoid the necessity of a new trial.

The Cecilia Quartette of Boston gave a concert in the First Presbyterian church on Thursday evening. The attendance was large and the various numbers received great applause and encores were given. Mr. Charles P. Scott, a former Newporter, and an organist of much merit, rendered his selections on the organ in a finished and artistic manner and was obliged to render several encores.

The Newport & Providence Railway Company is now using the new cut under the track of the steam road at Bristol Ferry. The cars can now run directly onto the wharf and the passengers can step from the cars onto the landing. The electric railway is being liberally patronized, especially on the early evening trips.

Mr. John B. Mason met with an accident on Saturday of last week. He was landing a barrel of apples on the second floor of a house, when the barrel slipped and came down, striking him on the head. The accident, while painful, was not serious.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Carson of Attenton, R. I., have been guests of Mr. William Andrews the past week. Mr. Carson came to Newport to vote. He was in excellent health and called on his friends about the city during his stay.

Eureka Lodge of Masons of Portsmouth will elect officers next Tuesday evening, after which there will be a public installation that same evening. A party of friends will go out from Newport leaving here on the 7:15 p. m. car.

Miss Elizabeth Fisher of Jersey City, N. J., was married to Mr. Winslow Baxter of this city at Kay Chapel Wednesday afternoon, by Rev. Ernest J. Dennen. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter left for Providence on their wedding trip.

The electric car service was suspended on Bath road for several days to allow the Carry cottage to be moved across the street, where the photographic studio has been for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Austin Gray, who have recently returned from Europe where they spent their wedding trip.

Carpenter Spencer C. Bourley, U. S. N. (retired), formerly of this city but now residing on the Hudson, came to Newport the past week to vote.

Senator and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore have closed their summer residence here and gone to Washington for the winter.

Miss Maud Bradley is recovering from her operation for appendicitis, which she recently underwent at the Newport Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer and their son, Mr. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., have gone to New York for the winter.

Major and Mrs. Theodore K. Gibbs have gone to Florida, for the benefit of Major Gibbs' health.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Marsh are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wilcox of Washington.

A Divided Victory.

Democrats Elect their Mayor, Republicans Get Three Places on Legislative Ticket—City Votes for Roosevelt but Against Uffer.

The election in Newport presented some peculiar results, and both parties are claiming to be satisfied with the result. However, the Republicans can congratulate themselves on having made substantial gains over the last few years. Boyle is again elected mayor by reduced plurality, having beaten Bull by only 79 votes. This is not as close as the mayoralty contest has sometimes been but still it is quite a close vote.

The city stood by Roosevelt well, giving him a plurality of 401. Then there was a switching off on the gubernatorial ticket, and the city returned a plurality of 13 for the Democratic nominee, Dr. Garvin, as against a plurality of 90 for Carvin last year. Then again there was a change, and the Republican nominee for lieutenant governor, Frederick H. Jackson, received a plurality of 70, and the rest of the Republican state ticket was given substantial pluralities.

There was a big difference in the Congressional vote in this city as compared with two years ago. In 1902 Melville Bull was the nominee for Congressman on the Republican ticket and was given a rousing vote, receiving a plurality of 1,418 over Granger, the Democratic nominee. This year Granger carried the city by 56 plurality over Stines, the Republican nominee. It was not expected that Stines would run as well as Bull in Newport but such a vast change in the vote was not expected.

On the local ticket the victory was a divided one. For Senator, John H. Crosby, Democrat, beat A. Livingston Mason, Republican, by 164, and for first Representative, William P. Clarke, Democrat, beat William T. Libby, Republican, by 150. The other three places on the legislative ticket went to the Republicans, Vernon, Haseard and Burlingame being elected by substantial majorities. This is a decided gain, for the party has had no member of the Legislature from this city for some time.

For school committee, four Republicans and one Democrat were elected. Dr. Barker and Mr. Covell, Republicans, and Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Democrat, were re-elected, and Edward A. Sherman, Republican, was elected for the first time. To fill the two years' vacancy on the school committee Col. William J. Cozzens, Republican, was elected by a majority of 505 over S. S. Graham, Democrat.

On the council ticket there was but one change from the present council. In the third ward Earl P. Mason took the place of Charles P. Austin. He had a fight in the ward, Eugene W. Zarr running on nomination papers, but Mason won out by a plurality of 153. There was no other contest for members of the city council in the first three wards, but in the fourth and fifth there were two tickets in the field, the Democrats being victorious.

The vote in the city was as follows:

PRESIDENT.					Total
Wards	1	2	3	4	
Roosevelt, R.,	481	718	591	333	2223
Bull, R.,	261	311	257	426	1255
Swanton, D.,	0	0	0	1	1
Corrigan, S. L.,	0	1	0	1	2
Deus, S.,	0	1	0	3	4
Total,					4182

Plurality for Roosevelt, 401.

CONGRESSMAN.					Total
Wards	1	2	3	4	
Conibeare, P.,	5	14	0	2	21
Granger, D.,	303	374	436	635	2148
Stines, R.,	433	666	406	316	2821
Total,					4199

Plurality for Granger, 56.

GOVERNOR.					Total
Wards	1	2	3	4	
Brightman, P.,	6	21	5	9	41
Carvin, S.,	1	1	2	5	9
Garvin, D.,	226	353	331	430	2040
Meredith, S. L.,	1	1	2	4	8
Cutter, R.,	413	662	469	308	2852
Total,					4186

Plurality for Garvin, 13.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.					Total
Wards	1	2	3	4	
Archambault, D.,	284	551	810	433	2078
Bierch, S.,	2	2	2	4	10
Herrick, L.,	2	2	2	1	7
Jackson, R.,	450	672	489	318	1929
White, L.,	4	11	5	4	24
Total,					4180

Plurality for Jackson, 70.

SECRETARY OF STATE.					Total
Wards	1	2	3	4	
J. B. Allen, S.,	1	2	8	3	14
C. P. Bennett, R.,	408	704	518	336	2266
J. H. Keefe, D.,	306	322	276	436	1840
H. O'Neill, S.,	2	2	2	5	11
S. B. Pennington, P.,	4	14	5	8	26
Total,					4232

Plurality for Bennett, 277.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.					Total
Wards	1	2	3	4	
G. T. Brown, D.,	280	840	204	47	1072
J. M. Conlin, S.,	2	8	4	0	14
W. B. Greenough, R.,	407	690	403	223	1723
J. McGulgan, S.,	1	0	3	2	6
T. H. Pennington, P.,	2	11	4	4	21
Total,					4176

Plurality for Greenough, 188.

GENERAL TREASURER.					Total
Wards	1	2	3	4	
W. Burke, S.,	1	1	4	2	8
M. Fassel, S.,	0	0	1	3	4
S. Quinn, P.,	0	12	5	2	27
W. A. Tread, R.,	470	807	510	341	2228
E. Walker, D.,	272	320	280	433	1605
Total,					4170

Plurality for Tread, 180.

SENATOR.					Total
Wards	1	2	3	4	
Crosby, D.,	330	601	370	451	2352
Mason, R.,	432	661	410	310	2013
Plurality for Crosby, 161.					

Plurality for Clarke, 160.

2nd REPRESENTATIVE.

Vernon, R., 456 683 501 335 206 2196
Underwood, D., 320 338 315 456 631 2050
Plurality for Vernon, 151.

3d REPRESENTATIVE.

Hussard, J., 456 683 501 335 206 2196
O'Neill, D., 320 338 315 456 631 2050
Plurality for Hussard, 151.

FOURTH REPRESENTATIVE.

Burlingame, R., 454 685 505 332 206 2195
Crandall, D., 315 338 321 458 631 2065
Plurality for Burlingame, 150.

TAYLOR.

P. J. Boyle, 308 580 371 407 680 2366
H. Bull, Jr., 454 714 515 343 231 2236
Sent, 0 0 2 0 0 2

Plurality for Boyle, 79

CITY TREASURER.

J. M. Taylor, 551 931 657 833 500 3575
Plurality for Taylor, 375.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

C. F. Barker, 461 741 568 373 218 2361
F. A. Corbett, 320 339 326 436 631 2050
W. W. Covell, 461 741 568 373 218 2361
R. E. Darrah, 461 741 568 373 218 2361
C. A. Hayes, 320 339 326 436 631 2050
O. W. Huntington, 461 741 568 373 218 2361
E. A. Sherman, 461 741 568 373 218 2361
H. C. Stevens, Jr., 318 404 350 457 638 2273
Elected, Christopher F. Barker, William W. Covell, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., and Edward A. Sherman.

(To fill vacancy.)

W. J. Cozzens, 401 743 507 371 210 2235
S. S. Graham, 254 284 374 415 621 1850
William J. Cozzens, elected.

FIRST WARD.

WARDEN.

Joseph S. Lawton, 389

WARD CLERK.

Francis Stamboly, 473

ALDERMAN.

Robert P. Hamilton, 438

FIRST COUNCILMAN.

Frank P. Gladding, 424

SECOND COUNCILMAN.

Robert Kerr, 422

THIRD COUNCILMAN.

William S. Rogers, 438

SECOND WARD.

WARDEN.

Allen G. Goddard, 790

WARD CLERK.

Frank P. King, 768

ALDERMAN.

George W. Hitchie, 593

FIRST COUNCILMAN.

Walter A. Wright, 586

SECOND COUNCILMAN.

Nell McLernan, 594

THIRD COUNCILMAN.

Frank S. Peabody, 580

THIRD WARD.

WARDEN.

George W. Tilley, 507

WARD CLERK.

Nathan T. Hodson, 514

ALDERMAN.

Herbert Bliss, 480

FIRST COUNCILMAN.

George H. Wilbur, 482

SECOND COUNCILMAN.

William O. Migne, 468

THIRD COUNCILMAN.

Earl P. Munn, 372

Eugene W. Zarr, 220

Plurality for Munn, 162.

FOURTH WARD.

WARDEN.

Michael R. Connolly, 835

WARD CLERK.

David A. Scott, 835

ALDERMAN.

Michael F. Kelley, 488

Charles J. Schurz, 197

Plurality for Kelley, 301.

FIRST COUNCILMAN.

J. Joseph M. Martin, 446

SECOND COUNCILMAN.

William W. Marvel, 462

Patrick J. Morgan, 312

Plurality for Morgan, 256

THIRD COUNCILMAN.

James Brown, 178

James J. Martin, 307

Plurality for Martin, 224

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Macomber (formerly Miss Helen Pittman) have been in Newport the past week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Macomber's grandmother, Mrs. Benjamin F. Nason. While in Newport they were guests of Miss Anna F. Fraeb.

Miss Mabel Elsworth Boggs, daughter of the late Marcus Boggs of Chillicothe, Ohio, will be married to Mr. Robertson Honey, son of Colonel Samuel R. Honey, at the home of the bride on November 16th.

Mrs. Catherine Reeves died on Sunday after a painful illness at the residence of Mrs. William Monteth, on Webster street, where she was making her home. The body was forwarded to Evergreen, N. Y., for burial.

Five hundred dollars was left to the Woman's Auxiliary of Trinity Church by the late Sarah Ann Crooker, to be known as the Sarah Ann Crooker Memorial Fund.

Mr. Peter Patterson, on Ayrault street, has a very attractive display of chrysanthemums, which has attracted much admiration from lovers of fall flowers.

Mr. Arn Hildreth of this city left Tuesday night for Brooklyn, N. Y., to visit his daughter, Mrs. George Hall.

Mrs. E. E. Blair of this city is guest of Mrs. S. A. Johnson at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Elmer E. Gifford.

Mrs. Mattie Gifford, wife of Mr. Elmer E. Gifford, died very suddenly Friday evening of last week at her home on Farwell street. She had not been feeling well for several days, but her illness was not considered of a serious nature, and she died while a friend was by her bedside, without any warning whatever.

Mr. Gifford is employed as baggage master on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad and left home early in the morning for Boston and on his return to Newport at 5:47 was ordered to go to Providence on the train carrying the Republicans who were to participate in the parade in that city. As the train left at 6 o'clock he had not time to go home, and it was on his return to Newport early Saturday morning that the news was broken to him that his wife was dead.

Over the Border

By ...
ROBERT BARR.

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Author of "Jennie Baxter,
Journalist," Etc.

CHAPTER XXI. CONTINUED.

Several times the innocent prince, guided by an unseen touch, edged close to her, but Armstrong could not fall to perceive that the girl shrank from his proximity, and this abashed him, silencing his song and jocularly. But a lover must be bold if he would prosper. Here was a heaven sent opportunity, and what more can a man ask than that? In an hour or two they would be in the midst of a thronged city, where she would meet the friends she expected to see. Who could predict what might happen? It was possible she would elect to remain in Oxford. One or more of her friends might accompany her back to Durham. Now or never was the motto. Yet he had not the least notion how he ought to begin, but thought that in such a crisis a great deal must depend on the presentation of his case. Why had he let slip so many chances of getting information on a subject that now loomed with new importance before him? They had gone a mile or two in silence; a silent contrast to his so-called setting out. Frances feared that her seemingly sudden indifference had offended him, and, glancing surreptitiously at him from under her long lashes, met his own eyes fixed upon her. She smiled a little and said:

"Have you no more songs?"

"I have one more," he answered, speaking hurriedly. "But I have never sung it before, and am just a little in doubt how to begin. I think if I got the measure of it I could carry it on, but am not sure."

"Very well, let me hear the song. Is it one of those fighting ballads?"

"No. It is a love song, pure and simple."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a coldness that froze instantly his budding enthusiasm. She sat up straighter on her horse and turned her face resolutely toward Oxford, as if she did not approve the tendency of the conversation. Armstrong was stricken dumb at finding his indirect course thus blocked before him. The girl was the first to speak.

"I wonder how soon we will be in sight of Oxford," she said.

"Not for a long time, I hope."

"Why do you say that? Are you not as eager as I to reach Oxford?"

"There are some important matters to be settled before we come to the end of our journey."

Frances directed upon him a look of troubled resolution. Instinctively she knew that they were come to the edge of a declaration which she had hoped might be avoided. Several times on the way the danger seemed to approach and vanish, but now the glow of his luminous eyes were not to be mistaken. In them she read a consuming love of herself which was not to be balked, yet which must be balked, and so it became now or never with her, as it was with him.

"What important matters are to be settled?" she asked firmly.

All courage seemed to desert him under the intensity of her survey, but with the dauntlessness of his race he urged himself forward, yet not in a direct line.

"We must decide in what guise you are to enter Oxford."

This remark certainly had the effect of throwing the holder of the fortress off her guard. It swept away the tribulation from her brow. After all, the case might not be so serious as she had thought, and jubilantly she welcomed the respite, for she had no wish to add a humiliation to the wrong which fate had decreed she should work upon him. She breathed a sigh of relief and said:

"What guise? I'm afraid I do not understand."

"You see, hitherto we have been shielded by a pass. Its wording was such that little inquiry was made about either of us. Now, for the first time we have no protection, and what we say to those who access us must prove our safeguard. I shall be asked who you are. I told your brother that I would treat you as if you were my own sister, but I cannot call you my sister at Oxford."

"Why not?"

"For one reason, because you go to meet friends who know that I am not your brother, and if inquiry is made we are at a disadvantage."

"True, true! I had forgotten."

"Another reason is that if we claimed such relationship no one would believe us, for your hair is as black as the raven's wing and mine is like the yellow corn."

"I had not thought of that," she said.

"But I thought of it, and also of a way to circumvent it. If they ask who the lady is I shall tell them she is my betrothed."

"No, no, no!" gasped the girl.

He was now close by her side and endeavored to take her hand, but she held it from him.

"You say no because you will not act a lie, and I honor you for your truth. You are robed in truth, my beloved, as an angel is!"

"Oh, cease, cease, I beg of you!"

"Frances, this is the song that bubbles in my heart, and if my lips could worthily fulfill their prompting I would put it to such words and such music as woman never listened to before."

But, lacking eloquence, I can only say, My lady, I love you."

"And I can only say I am sorry if this be so."

"If! Why do you say if? Do you not know it to be true?"

"I know it now that you tell it to me."

"You do not love me?"

"No."

"And cannot?"

"And cannot?"

"You would even rob me of all hope, the lover's guiding star?"

"If you call it robbing to take from you what should never have been possessed."

"Why should I not have possessed that hope? Is it because I am untitled, while you are the daughter of the man who was the proudest peer in England?"

"Titles have naught to do with it. Titles are but a breath—still, men have intrigued for them, have sold their souls for them, as others have bartered for gold. That shall I do. I thought never to beg from any man, yet for this king I stake my life, and it is but fair he should cover my wages. I will say to him, I go to Scotland on your behalf, through an enemy's country. Death or treachery dog every footstep I take. I may win or lose, but if I win then I demand the stakes, which will not take a silver penny from your depleted treasury. Make me Earl of the Southern Marches."

"You ask a just reward, but 'twould be useless as assistant to the quest you now pursue."

"Frances, no lover truly entitled to bear that dear name thinks himself worthy of her on whom his heart is set, and I do not plead my own worthiness when I sue for your favor. But I am buoyed up by the thought that every day we live some woman marries some man, therefore are women to be persuaded, and there are none on earth but us to persuade them. Why should my fortune be worse than that of my fellows?"

"Sir, you forget or ignore that every day of our lives some woman refuses some man and never marries him. Why should your fortune differ from that of so many of your fellows?"

"You have pierced the armor, there, my girl, so I own my simple defective and fall back on my own unworthiness, to beseech your pity on it and point the way to that amendment which will make me deserving in your eyes."

"Sir, you force me unduly. You drive me toward confession. Plying God is my witness that I hold naught against you. You must accept my answer as final and let us have an end of this fruitless and embarrassing conversation. I can never marry you."

"There is but one circumstance to prevent it."

"Then believe that circumstance exists."

"You love another?"

"I do not."

The young man laughed joyously, but no corresponding smile disturbed the set lips of the girl. When he accused her of loving another she glanced up at him for one brief moment and answered before she thought, wishing her reply recalled as soon as it was uttered, for if she had agreed with him he himself had said it was at an end. Bitterly did she regret her headless destruction of the barrier which would have separated them. Now she must erect another more terrible, more complete, be the consequences what they may.

"Sir, you laugh. I am glad your heart is light, for mine is heavy enough. If I loved another 'twere a small matter, for the man were not likely so estimable in a woman's eyes as you are. As I have said, you drive me toward confession, and here is one bold enough for a maiden to make. I admit you please me well, and if I had loved another—a woman's affection is fickle—you were like to benefit by its transference. But there is an obstacle between us more serious than the one you proclaimed sufficient. Take that as truth and ask me no more."

"I must be the judge of the obstacle. What is it?"

"I shall make full confession when this war is finished if you ask me."

"But the war can have nothing to do with your feeling toward me or my adoration of you."

"You shall judge when you hear."

"Then let me hear now."

"No. Your persistence when you see how distraught I am dims your title of gentleman. A lady should not be coerced."

"Your censure is just; but, oh, pity my despair if this obstacle be real. It cannot be real. Whatever it is it shall dissolve before my burning love as mist before the sun. Tell it to me now that I may show you that it is the fabric of a vision."

The girl remained silent, her impetuous lover fiercely questioning her bowed head with his eyes. But as if in the interval of stillness a specter intervened between them and brought a startled expression into his eyes, their intensity sharpened suddenly, and he said in a low voice:

"Do not tell me you are already married?"

"I am wedded to deceit. Sir, I am not worthy your love or that of any other honest man. If you knew what it costs me to say this you would let these words be the last we speak in this painful debate."

"Deceit? Not worthy of any honest man? Lord save you, child of sweet innocence! If this is all that troubles you there is nothing in our way to the church. Your eyes are limpid wells of honesty. You could not harbor a deceitful thought if you tried. I would trust my life, my honor, my very soul, to your keeping, assured that—"

"Halt!" came a sharp command. Armstrong looked up like a man awakened from a dream.

"Fore heaven!" he cried, wonder stricken. "We're on the outskirts of Oxford."

A grizzled soldier barred the way,

with musket held horizontally. An officer in a uniform that had once been gaudy, but now showed signs of hard usage, came out from the cabin at the side of the road when he heard the sentinel's challenge. Though his costume was so threadbare, he carried it with a swagger that had almost a touch of insolence in it, but this bearing melted to a debonair deference when he saw a handsome young woman before him. He lifted his hat and addressed her companion.

"Pardon me. Have you the pass-word?"

"No. I am from Scotland and bear a message to his majesty the king."

"From Scotland? May I glance at your credentials?"

"I carry none. I have come through a hostile country, have been searched once or twice and arrested as often. Had there been writing on me I should not now be standing at the doorstep of Oxford."

"I shall do myself the honor of conducting you to the chamberlain of his majesty. And the lady?"

Armstrong took the girl's hand, this time without opposition on the part of its owner. It was cold as ice.

"The lady is my wife," he said boldly, then added in a whisper heard only by herself, "that is to be."

CHAPTER XXII.

THIS one on foot and the two on horseback entered the fortress which had hitherto proved impregnable and traversed its streets until they came to the Crown Inn. Oxford was no longer the home of learning for any art save that of war. A few students still strolled its thoroughfares, but the military man was everywhere. The colleges had been turned into barracks and arsenals; the king himself lived in Christchurch, over the towers of which floated the royal standard, now almost the only red spot in all England.

As the party came to a halt the officer turned to Armstrong. "A propitious meeting," he said. "Here comes the lord great chamberlain himself."

Armstrong noted the approach of a man with a countenance so remarkable that it might have been taken as typical of war. From brow to chin was drawn a long red scar. While another ran transversely across the forehead just over the eyes, so that there flamed from his face an angry cross that gave a most sinister expression to a visage which, lacking these time healed wounds, would have been handsome.

The chamberlain stopped abruptly in his advance, his gaze riveted upon the girl, and there came into his eyes a look of such malignity that Armstrong instantly turned his glance upon his traveling companion.

The girl's cheeks had gone deathly white, and she swayed blindly in her saddle, perilously near to falling. The young man sprang from his horse and caught her just in time. Bitterly he blamed himself for this unexpected collapse, cursing his persistence on the road when he had plainly seen that some strong emotion tormented her. This mental perturbation, combined with the physical strain she had undergone during their long journey, fully accounted for the prostration of the moment at the end.

"My poor lass," he said regretfully, "I am to blame. I am a thoughtless, selfish hound to have so sorely troubled you with my insistence."

"It is not that," she whispered faintly, leaning heavily on him with the pathetic helplessness of a tired child, a dependence which sent a thrill of pity and love for her clinging to his finger ends. "Take me in; take me in quickly. I am ill."

Now the lord great chamberlain, all smiles and courtesy, stepped forward and said with authority to the inn-keeper:

"The chief rooms in the house for the lady. Turn out whoever occupies them, whatever their quality."

The landlord called his wife, and Frances was given into her care.

The officer introduced the traveler to the high official:

"My lord chamberlain, this gentleman says he has come from the Scottish nobles with a message for his majesty. Sir, M. de Courcy, lord great chamberlain to the king."

Frenchman and Scot bowed to each other, the grace of the gesture being almost entirely in favor of the former despite his mangled face.

"Sir," said Armstrong to the officer, "I thank you for your guidance, and you, my lord, to de Courcy. For your kind and prompt command with respect to the lady. She has had a long and trying journey through a dangerous country, under continual fear of arrest, and so it is not to be wondered that a woman should succumb to the strain at the last."

"The officer who has left us did not give me your name, sir," said de Courcy.

"I am William Armstrong, somewhat known on the border, a Scottish gentleman and a loyal subject of his majesty the king."

"Then you are very welcome in Oxford, and I am sure his majesty wishes there were more like you in the environs thereof and the regions beyond. It is now too late to see the king today, and probably you are not loath to meet a night's rest after a hard day's riding. I will arrange a conference for you with his majesty as soon as possible."

"Thank you. If I may hint that every day is of value you will perhaps urge upon the king the danger of delay."

"I shall not fail to do so. Good night."

For the first time in his life Armstrong left his horse to the care of others and entered the inn to inquire after the welfare of the lady who absorbed his thoughts. She sent word that she was quite recovered, but would see no one until the morning. With this he was fain to be content, and he wandered about the town in the gathering dusk, hoping to do her a service by discovering the whereabouts of Lord Rudby's son, to whom he supposed she carried some message from her brother.

He learned that this young man, who was a captain in the king's army, had been sent to meet the king at London,

but nothing had been heard of him for a month or more, and whether he was prisoner or not none could say. This intelligence depressed Armstrong, who feared that the girl had taken her long journey for nothing and that the failing to find the one she sought might entail serious consequences upon her brother or herself, for each in turn had manifested great concern touching the mission she had undertaken.

Next morning his first visitor was the lord chamberlain, who expressed deep regret that the king was indisposed and could not see any emissary from the Scots that day. The high official spoke feelingly of the disappointment the monarch had been called upon to endure through the unmerited success of his rebellious subjects, and this statement seemed to the traveler only what was to have been expected.

During the day Armstrong was privileged in securing one brief interview with Frances. The landlord had placed two rooms at her disposal, and in the scantily furnished parlor the young man had called upon her. The improvement she had affirmed the evening before was scarcely borne out by her appearance, for she was wan and dispirited, so much so that when Armstrong announced the disappearance of Captain Rudby the tidings did not seem to depress her more than was already the case.

However, the news clung to her mind, for as he was telling her that the king could not see him that day she suddenly said, in a tone which showed she had not been listening, that as Captain Rudby was not in Oxford there was no reason why she should stay—she would go on at once to Banbury and there await the coming of Armstrong. But the young man would not hear of such a course. It was impossible, he said, that an unprotected lady in the distracted state of the country should travel alone between Oxford and Banbury. It was not likely that he would be held from the king more than another day, and then they would both set out together. Besides, she needed all the rest she could obtain before they turned north again.

The girl was too deeply dejected even to argue the question, when he so strenuously opposed her desire. It seemed that a contrary fate was tightening the coils around her, and all struggle against it was fruitless. There were unshed tears in her eyes as she glanced timidly up at him, and she had the haunted look of one who was trapped.

The unforeseen meeting with de Courcy, although Cromwell's words should have prepared her for it, had completely unnerved her; that night-mare face of his confronting her whenever she closed her eyes. The past had come up before her in its most abhorrent guise. She remembered striking him fiercely with the jagged iron she happened to hold in her hand, and thought anything was justified that enabled her to escape his clutches, but that he would carry so fearful a disfigurement to his grave chilled her with fear of his vengeance; for if ever murder shone from a man's eyes it glared in his when she caught his first glance the evening before.

All during the night the terrifying vision drove sleep from her couch, and she pondered on some possible method of escape, but without result. How gladly she would have contended her peril to Armstrong, did she stand in honest relation to him, but she could not bring herself to ask help from a man whom she had just rejected and whom she would shortly rob. When Armstrong mentioned the absence of Rudby, she had utterly forgotten that the ostensible reason for this Oxford journey was to see him, and for a moment it appeared that here lay a loophole of escape, but Armstrong's outspoken opposition to her plan left her with no adequate excuse for persisting in it.

During this unsatisfactory coming-together little was said by either. The girl sat in a chair by a small table, and he stood on the other side. Most of the time her head rested on her hand, and he saw she was near to tears. He censured himself again for his ill-timed avowal of the day before, but saw no method by which he could annul its consequences save by saying nothing more.

On the third day of his stay in Oxford the brave de Courcy was compelled to bewail the continued indisposition of the king. There were various important matters awaiting his majesty's attention, he said, but nothing could be done until his recovery. Meanwhile, to pass time that must be hanging heavily on the visitor's hands, the thoughtful Frenchman suggested that Armstrong should indulge in a stroll around the fortifications. As soon as he was out of sight de Courcy hastened back to the inn, passed up the stair and knocked at the door of the room occupied by Frances Wentworth. On receiving permission to enter he went in and closed the door behind him. The girl, who had expected a different caller, rose from her chair and stood silent.

"Madam, this is a meeting which I have long looked forward to with pleasant anticipation."

"Sir, I regret that I have no share in your felicity."

"Perhaps you prefer that we should meet as enemies?"

"I prefer that we should not meet at all, and knowing this, you may be good enough to make your visit as short as possible."

"I cannot find words to express my sorrow on learning I am so unwelcome. I am sure that when last we met I did my best to make your visit as long as I could, so why should you wish to shorten mine?"

It seemed to the girl that there was something unnecessarily shameless in his allusion to a circumstance that had so disgraced him. As she made no reply he went on with airy nonchalance:

"Will you excuse me if I lock the door, and showing that experience is a proficient schoolmaster, I ask the extension of your forgiveness to cover the act of putting the key in my pocket? We live and learn, you know. Not that I fear any interruption, for the innocent and excellent Scot is at this moment investigating our battlements and will not return this three hours or more."

The polite intruder seemed the more and put the key in his pocket, then advanced toward her. She retreated to the other room, and for a moment he thought she was about to barricade herself within, but she reappeared on the instant with a jeweled dagger in her hand.

"I warn you, sir, that if you approach within striking distance I will pierce you to the heart."

The Frenchman smiled and waved his fine white hands with a gesture of infinitesimal grace.

"Fairest of the Wentworths," he said, "may I sit down, and if I place this table between us will you feel safer?"

"You will be safer so long as it remains between us."

"I assure you my own safety weighs but lightly with me. I implore you to be seated, for I cannot converse at ease with a lady who is standing."

"I prefer to stand. Your ingrained courtesy will then cause you to make our conference brief."

"It distresses me to say that you are prolonging the conference by standing. We have grave particulars of state policy to discuss, and I cannot begin while you are so cruel as to put me in the light."

"Oh, very well!" cried Frances impatiently, taking her own chair, whereupon he, elegantly gracious, seated himself opposite her, with the table between them.

He waited for a few moments, but, she making no remark, he continued: "Grief for the loss of you filled my heart. You think I come here as an enemy, but I come as a suppliant. In the folly of that time at Whitehall I refused you marriage, and I do not wonder you were wroth at me. I wish to atone for what you justly considered an insult, and am willing to marry you in the face of the world."

"I thank you."

"I shall ask no questions ament this awkward Scot who has been your courier, for I am sure you can have thought nothing of him."

"I thank you."

"You return thanks coldly, but I know that is the English nature. The fire of France is not to be expected in this northern clime, but if you say yes to my pleading I am satisfied."

"If I wished for fire I would go down and not abroad for it. I had sooner wed the fiend from the pit than you."

De Courcy laughed lightly.

"That were a sulphurous mating indeed! Still you see how I adore you when I restate my determination to occupy the devil's place at your side before the altar. You but whet my expectation, for I should dearly love to tame you as your Shakespeare tamed his shrew."

"That you shall never do while a hand's breadth of steel will rid me of you, or myself of the world. Escape is too easy."

"Not from an Oxford dungeon, my dear. This mediaeval town furnishes us with dark pits in which there is no fire, and consequently they have a cooling effect on the hottest temperament. These are pits of which I am the den. My dear, you underestimate my power or overrate my patience."

"There are English gentlemen in Oxford. On what plea could you induce them to think that an English lady should be placed in a dungeon?"

"Yes, there are English gentlemen here, and some French gentlemen as well. They are unanimous in their detestation of a spy, male or female. Your man we shall hang out of hand, and there will be little difficulty about the pleasing task. I shall myself plead that your life be spared, and they will agree. Everything will be done with that beautiful legality which the English so much admire, but even from this moment you are entirely in my power, and a sensible woman should not need so much argument to convince her that the situation is hopeless."

"Armstrong is no spy."

"He may have difficulty in proving he is not. I am glad to note that you admit by inference that you are a spy."

"I can prove he is not a spy."

"Your evidence would be tainted. You are an accomplice. Besides, you could not clear him without condemning yourself."

"Such will I gladly do. I glory in that I would sacrifice myself with joy to save William Armstrong, the awkward Scot, as you called him. Besides, one word from me to Armstrong will transfer the danger to you. He will break you like a reed."

"Indeed, my dear, you do yourself injustice in threatening me. You shall have no opportunity of speaking your one word, for when next we meet, if we part now without coming to amicable arrangement, you will be on your knees to me pleading for his life."

"That will I not. I shall go to the king."

"Frances, you dishearten me and cast grave doubts on the possession of that sound sense with which I credited you. Was your first appeal to the king for a man's life so successful that you build hopes on a second?"

"If Charles had kept his word with me then he would not now be caged in Oxford. He abandoned my father and clung to such as you, and not a foot of English ground remains to him but what he stands on."

"What would have happened had Strafford lived, neither you nor I, can tell, and all discussion thereon is aside from our present purpose. Will you make terms with me?"

"I will not."

"You prefer the dungeon?"

"You dare not imprison me."

"Why?"

"Your master will not allow you."

"My dear, let me put a quietus forever upon your mad idea that any help is to be expected from the king. I beg you to believe that I speak the exact truth. Do you know what the king thinks of you?"

"He does not think of me at all. He has forgotten me."

"Pardon me. There you are mistaken. He thinks you came to Whitehall the day of your father's death to assassinate him. He believes that I imperiled my life to save his. The scars of your claws, however repulsive they may be to others, are to him a constant reminder of his enormous debt to me."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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General Hood at Spring Hill

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

November 25, 1864

(Copyright, 1904, by G. L. Kilmer.)
SPRING HILL doesn't figure in the list of decisive actions of the civil war, but it would if results were taken into account in place of desperate fighting and heavy losses.

There were not many thoughtful people in the Confederate states in the autumn of 1864 who did not believe their "Jig was up" when Atlanta succumbed, following Vicksburg and Chattanooga in the west, and Grant planted the victorious army of Gettysburg on the south of James river and stayed there, with Richmond all but in his grasp. Yet there were some bold spirits who held that the god of battles might see to it that the weaker side should have one more chance, with fair play and no favor, and one of those was General J. B. Hood, that dashing, daring Texan who sauntered made faces around the corner at Sherman after the latter had hustled him out of Atlanta by giving him the toe of the boot, as it were.

After two weeks of a game of "fox and geese" Hood found himself in the presence of a large body of Sherman's troops in the mountains of northwestern Georgia and determined to offer battle, but when he canvassed his own soldiers he found that the spirit of fighting had vanished. Repeated disaster and retreat had filled the hearts of his battle-scarred veterans with the prevailing hopelessness. In this crisis nothing would fit so well as the motto, "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold!" and of boldness Hood had an apparently exhaustless supply. He resolved to give Sherman the slip once more and march rapidly to Nashville, Louisville and Cincinnati, strike terror to the north, win the smiles of France, who waited a good excuse for aiding the Confederacy, and bring up at last on Grant's rear in northern Virginia after crossing Ohio and the Blue Ridge. Was ever the dream of a daring military adventurer wilder than



"DO TAKE POSSESSION OF THAT PIKE!"

that? But what was to hinder? Sherman, distance and the scattered Federal troops to be met with on the way? As for the last two obstacles, Hood's soldiers were equal to the march, and equal also, he believed, to any improvised force that could be raked up to impede him in all the west. Sherman himself, he believed, would turn and go back south, and that is just what he did do.

Hood marched westward across Alabama 150 miles, victualing and equipping his army en route for their wonderful venture into hostile territory. By the middle of November he was crossing the Tennessee at Florence, Ala. His numbers, including the cavalry that would join him, were about 40,000. Sherman believed that his lieutenant, General Thomas, with a corps of about 12,000 men under General D. M. Stanley, and an indefinite force of mounted and dismounted cavalry, could hold the line of the Tennessee river and keep Hood south of it. He afterward added the Twenty-third corps, under General J. M. Schofield, 10,000 strong, which he detached from his main army before starting for the sea.

In point of fact, Hood went around the Federal army, supposed to be guarding the southern border of Tennessee, and once across the river made for Columbia, on Duck river, the direct route to Nashville. The ever alert Forrest preceded him and was on the point of seizing the crossings of the river when the advance of the Federal army under Schofield, falling back by forced marches upon Nashville, came up to dispute the way. Schofield held and fortified Columbia.

Meanwhile General J. H. Wilson, a cavalryman under Sheridan in Virginia, had reached Tennessee to lead Thomas' cavalry. When he reached the front along Duck river he found his troopers coping with Forrest, who was bent on crossing above Columbia, east, to seize roads leading to Spring Hill. In Schofield's rear, so as to cut him off from

I suppose you just can't keep out of your new auto-mobile?
"Well, I don't mind it much except for the odor and the delays, but it seems to me that my husband is kept out of it or under it most of the time."

Mama—Don't you know that King Solomon said: Spare the rod and spoil the child?

Tommy—Yes; but he never said it while he was a boy.

Nashville. Wilson warned Schofield to abandon Columbia and, strangely enough, drew back his own force by a route farther east through Hurt's Corners and Mount Carmel, leaving the road open to Forrest to dash on to Spring Hill.

But Schofield, for all, had the inside track to the key point and, acting on Wilson's warning, had sent General Stanley with all speed back from Columbia toward Spring Hill. It was the 20th of November, the day of all others in 1864 when, if luck counts at all in war, the Confederacy had a last chance. At noon that day Stanley's men double quickened into Spring Hill and soon began to fight with Forrest's troopers for the mastery. Forrest was beaten, and Stanley held the road open.

Yet Forrest was not Hood's best card in this game. At the head of his leading division, a crack body of men under the intrepid General Cleburne, he had crossed Duck river at Huey's and at noon of that day was marching boldly northwestward to the pike between Columbia and Spring Hill and between Stanley's isolated division and Schofield's main force at Columbia. Moreover, he had left the corps of General S. D. Lee south of Duck river and in front of Columbia to attack Schofield and push him along the pike into the trap prepared for him at Spring Hill. At that moment there was nothing to stay the march of Hood's 40,000 Confederates on Nashville, Louisville and the north except Stanley's band of 4,000 men at Spring Hill and a mob of unorganized recruits and convalescents at Nashville with Thomas.

The hope of the west lay with Schofield, and he was virtually surrounded and cut off at Columbia. Hood's hope—the forlorn chance of the south—lay in placing a wall of bayonets across the pike and shutting Schofield off at Spring Hill, when the Federal army in the west would be at his mercy. Calling Generals Cheatham and Cleburne to his side, Hood directed their eyes upon the pike where Schofield's wagons and their infantry guards were moving from Columbia back to Spring Hill. Said he to Cheatham: "General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us? Go with your corps, take possession of that pike at or near Spring Hill. . . . Do this at once."

His subordinates moved away to obey this command and himself to order up another corps, and, this accomplished, Schofield's army would be lost. Forrest's cavalry held all of the crossroads from the pike north of Spring Hill. In a line east and south, to Duck river, having bowled Wilson's men off to the northeast out of reach. From 3 o'clock until dark there were constant skirmishing and some heavy fighting near Spring Hill between Stanley's men and those of Cheatham and Forrest, but Hood returned to the spot at dusk only to find that Cheatham had not put his line across the pike. Cleburne's division that had been relied on for that feat had blundered in the first attempt and then come to a dead standstill. Hood brought with him the leading division of Stewart's corps and, learning of Cleburne's failure, ordered that body of troops to form on Cleburne's line so as to carry it across the pike. But by this time Stanley had given the Confederates a taste of genuine fighting that stirred up their caution.

Their assaults on the pike at Spring Hill had been stubbornly repulsed, and Stewart went about his work on the slow and sure plan of reconnoitering. In the end his troops went into bivouac along the pike and not across it. As the evening rolled on Schofield's wagons and men hurrying away from Columbia marched along the pike under the eyes of the pickets of Cheatham and Stewart and were fired upon, but they zealously went their way. Hood at length called upon Forrest to do the work the infantry had failed in, but when the formidable trooper got his men in line they had no ammunition and could not advance.

A band of about 2,000 under General Jackson galloped on northward and attempted to cut the pike beyond Spring Hill, but were repulsed, and from midnight to daylight of the 30th Schofield's men retreated, virtually unopposed, in the presence of superior numbers of their foes resting idly within earshot of their march. For General Sherman to have counted in advance upon such unexplained conduct on the part of Cleburne, Cheatham and Forrest, with Hood among them and at their head, would have been madman's folly. But that, and that alone, saved Tennessee and the north and checked Hood's daring adventure.

The most reasonable explanation of Hood's conduct on the night of Nov. 20 is that he tired himself out physically during the afternoon, and his usual high courage oozed out with his waning energy.

So slight a thing as dyspepsia lost a great battle for Napoleon. Why may it not be true that a slight overstrain of some sensitive faculty of Hood on that busy afternoon prevented a reversal of Confederate fortunes in the west and warded off a grave Federal disaster? GEORGE L. KILMER.

Outwanking the Enemy.

"Bridget, you must be more careful with your dusting. I declare I could write my name upon the piano."
"Need, ma'am. It's yerself has the gran' eddy-caddy-shun!"—Town and Country.

Painful Points Too.

"You're a queer looking thing to want to fight with me," said the tall dog contemptuously. "You're not in my class."
"Perhaps not," replied the porcupine quietly, "but I think I can give you a few points."—Philadelphia Press.

Some men die hard and others are dead easy.—Philadelphia Record.

The Confederate Cent.
There was only one complete die made for the purpose of counting money by the Confederate States of America—that for a one cent piece, which was made by Lovett, the Philadelphia engraver, in 1861. After he had finished the dies Mr. Lovett found that he was unable to send them to the persons who had ordered the work done, and, becoming alarmed, he "struck off" twelve nickel cents and then carefully secreted both coins and dies. For twelve long years the engraver kept his secret, which was finally revealed through an accident. One day in 1873 he went to the hiding place of the rare coins and selected one for a pocket piece and within the month passed it out unknowingly to Hazeltine, the Philadelphia restaurant keeper. This man, knowing the piece to be Lovett's work, sent it to J. C. Randall, the coin collector. After some little trouble Hazeltine and Randall succeeded in buying the coin, and from it they struck fifty-five copper pieces, twelve in silver and seven in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the die, and coin dealers now hold Confederate cents at a very high figure.

Hard Seats.
It is not well for sedentary workers to sit on cushions. In men, owing chiefly to his erect carriage, there is a strong development of the muscles of the pelvis and the thighs, which almost completely clothe the strong bones of that region. In the seated position, to obviate undue pressure, nature has provided a proper cushion over these bones. Hyrtl's saying is well known, "We sit on the fat of the seat as on a mattress."

In sitting on a smooth and hard surface the body rests upon three main points, but in sitting on a soft cushion pressure is imparted to the muscles and interferes with the circulation in all their parts.

Great attention has been paid to this matter in the construction of bicycle saddles and, speaking generally, with very beneficial results. Nothing can be said against a certain amount of covering, if not too yielding, but the office stool, properly shaped, is an excellent seat.—Pearson's Weekly.

Food Aversions.
Cows' milk is said to be abhorred by the Japanese, and rabbits are never eaten by the Abyssinians, who explain that rabbits are too much like big rats. The natives of the Sandwich Islands would not take cuisine for a gift. Cheese in Mexico is simply curds desiccated and pressed in pancake shape, and even then it is patronized only by the Caucasian colonists. The half breeds accept it with hesitation, and a two ounce slice of Limburger would stampede a tribe of mountain Indians. They resent it as a practical joke in questionable taste. But why the Koreans eschew ice cream, as a traveler reports is the case, is less easy to explain. Perhaps they share the Japanese prejudice against dairy products or the Chinese predilection for super-heated tidbits.

A Queer Italian Custom.
On Aug. 1 of every year the people of Val di Rosa, in Italy, gather in the great square, which is also a thrashing floor, and proceed to exercise the devil for the benefit of their own dreams and for the well being of their vineyards. The most intelligent man in the community is chosen master of ceremonies. A small fire balloon is made ready and to this the master of ceremonies solemnly attaches a puppet representing his Satanic majesty. Amid the shouts of the peasantry the balloon, with the devil attached, is liberated. The good people believe that for the rest of the year the evil one will not disturb their dreams or damage the vintage.

Fungus slippers.
Before the discovery of huffer matches a large hoof shaped fungus growing on the trunks of trees was used throughout northern Europe for making amadou or tinder. The thick, brown, woolly flesh of the same fungus, cut into slices and beaten until it assumes the appearance of felt, is used at the present day in Germany for the manufacture of chest protectors, caps, purses, bedroom slippers and various other articles.

One Exception.
"Papa, is the hand that rocks the cradle the one that rules the world?"
"That's what I've heard."
"Well, I know one that don't."
"Who is it?"
"Nurse. She wanted to go down town, and mamma told her she'd fire her if she went and wouldn't give her so recommendation."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Chronic Habit.
"No," said the man who had recently made his fourth pilgrimage to the matrimonial altar; "I can't say that marriage is a failure."
"Of course not," rejoined his bachelor friend. "With you it is merely a habit."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Then He Went.
Father (at head of stairs)—Ethel, what time is it? Ethel (in drawing room)—It's a quarter past 10, father. Father—All right. Don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast.

An Anxious Query.
A certain New York restaurant has become famous for its high prices. At the entrance a man just leaving, having paid his bill, was recently overheard to ask the waiter, "I say—do you charge anything for going out?"

Generously Thoughtful.
Ragson Tatters—Say, boss, gimme the price of a meal. I'm nearly starved. Stungiman—Can't do it, me poor fellow, but the next man you ask may, so here's a toot-welek.—Exchange.

His Lack of Tact.
Barnes—Howes is a pretty good sort of fellow. Shield—Yes, but he hasn't got any tact. At the restaurant the other day he asked me if I was fond of cats, and I was eating rabbit stew at the time! The idea of asking such a question at such a time as that!—Boston Transcript.

OVER THE BORDER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.
Judge you then, my dear, what your position in Oxford would be did the king but dream you had crept surreptitiously into his stronghold. Need I say more?
"No. But you should have paid better heed to what I said."
"What did you say?"
"I said your master would not permit you to injure me."
"But I have shown you that the king!"
"I am not speaking of the king. Your master is Oliver Cromwell."
Either the cross on his face became redder or the sudden pallor of his other features made it appear so. Slowly he withdrew his elbows from the table and leaned back in his chair, moistening his lips, gazing on the girl with the intensity of a newborn fear. She sat motionless, returning his look without flinching. For some moments the room was as silent as if it were deserted. At last he spoke huskily:

"What do you expect to gain by making so absurd a statement?"
The girl rose, with a gesture of impatience, walked to the window and back, then to the window again, and unfathomed a latch that let free a latticed sash, as if the room stifled her and she wanted air. Then she exclaimed:

"Oh, let us have a truce to this fooling. I am tired of it. You say I shall beg on my knees to you, but you have mistaken your own attitude for mine. Why do I make such a statement? Because Cromwell told me in Northampton that if I met difficulty in Oxford you, his spy, would assist me."

"Heavens! You did not think such a man would blab out secrets of death to a woman, but there is this to say on his behalf, that he was merely recommending one spy to another. He thought mutual safety would be their bond of union, and he was right."

"Then you knew you would meet me in Oxford? Why did you seem so distraught when the event happened? That was acting, I suppose, to fall the easier into the arms of the Scot."
"I had no need to act to bring that about. I hoped to avoid you, and would have done so but for the chance encounter. And now you see, sir, that my peril is as nothing to yours. I have but to strike upon this leaden pane and cry to the officers passing in the street: 'I am the daughter of Lord Stafford. Help me, for here I am caged with a French spy, a creature who has sold king and comrades for Cromwell's gold.'"

"Do not speak so loud, woman! There is no need for frenzy. I did but jest when I spoke of molesting you."

"I am in no jesting mood."

"You do not need to tell me that. I am quite willing to further your boasts, if you but trust me and tell me what you want."

"Can you expect me to trust you?" asked the girl, coming back to the table.

"I suppose I have not earned your trust."

"Oh, but you have. I trust you implicitly because you stand under the shadow of the scaffold, and at a word from me the bolt is drawn. You will postpone all thought of revenge until your neck is out of the noose; of that I am very well convinced. I refuse to make terms with you, but I give my commands, which you must rightly follow unless you court calamity. You will take Armstrong to the king and cease to block his way. You will see that we are free to leave Oxford and are unharmed while we are within these walls. One false move and you bring your doom upon you."

"I implore you to be calm, madam. I swear I will carry out your orders to the letter. Do not, I beg of you, take pause at any chance word by another."

"Unlock the door and leave me. See that you do not come again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The French Archives.
The archives so magnificently housed in the Hotel de Rohan form one of the most interesting sights of Paris. Here, bound in white calf, thousands of folios contain the history of France, dating from the Capet and Valois kings, all documents being classified under four heads—administrative, historic, legislative and judicial. Among minor objects of interest not shown to visitors without special permission is the table on which Robespierre, wounded, was placed in the Hotel de Ville on the eve of Thermidor and the inventory of Marie Antoinette's wardrobe, with patterns of her dresses, and also of Mme. Elizabeth's. Insignificant indeed would the collection appear beside that of a fashionable lady of today. In these historic premises, busy as bees, indefatigable satchels are continually at work.—Westminster Gazette.

Baltimore, Ireland.
Baltimore, in Maryland, gets its name from a small and unostentatious fishing village in Ireland. The word Baltimore signifies the "village that grew up about the big house," and the derivation is plain when one sees the very remarkable big house that was once the stronghold of the O'Driscolls. It is situated upon an imposing height, a sentinel over the numerous little dwellings that have sprung up and increased in the vicinity of its wrecked and deserted life. From the village of Baltimore enormous catches of mackerel are sent to America.—Exchange.

Read His Own Biens.
A distinguished English churchman tells this in M. A. P.: "The vicar of Swancombe was a very eccentric man. I remember—indeed, who could ever forget it—that he once read out his own biens of marriage with a lady who had not only not consented to marry him, but whom he had never asked to do so. He did this for two Sundays. On the third her father rose and formally objected to such a ridiculous proceeding."

The beauteous Colorado potato bug likes eggplant better than it does the potato.

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Mr. Schultze and to me one day at lunch. "What do you think of a series of comedies dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his hand.

The success of the series, in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny?"

The Jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

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Largest Plurality Ever Given
an American Candidate

IT WILL EXCEED 1,500,000

The Electoral Vote Is Increased
by Eighteen by Break in the
Solid South—Enormous Plurality
of 490,000 in Pennsylvania—Parker Swamped in
New York to the Tune of 174,000—Democratic Governors in
Massachusetts and Minnesota.

New York, Nov. 10.—With the election returns still incomplete, the plurality of President Roosevelt in the nation, according to all present indications, will exceed 1,500,000, the greatest plurality ever given an American candidate. The nearest approach to this vote was in 1896, when McKinley received a plurality approximating 850,000, and in 1872, when Grant received 762,991 plurality.

Based on the returns available at this time the electoral vote stands as follows:

For Roosevelt and Fairbanks	
California	10
Colorado	7
Connecticut	5
Delaware	3
Idaho	3
Illinois	27
Indiana	15
Iowa	13
Kansas	10
Maine	6
Maryland	8
Massachusetts	16
Michigan	14
Minnesota	11
Missouri	18
Montana	3
Nebraska	8
Nevada	3
New Hampshire	4
New Jersey	12
New York	39
North Dakota	4
Ohio	23
Oregon	4
Pennsylvania	34
Rhode Island	4
South Dakota	4
Utah	3
Vermont	4
Washington	5
West Virginia	7
Wisconsin	13
Wyoming	3
Total	348

For Parker and Davis	
Alabama	11
Arkansas	8
Florida	5
Georgia	12
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	9
Mississippi	10
North Carolina	12
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	12
Texas	18
Virginia	12
Total	133

The interest now centres in Missouri and Maryland. Late returns show that the former state is in the Republican column so far as presidential electors are concerned, but that Joseph W. Folk, the Democratic candidate, has been elected governor. In Maryland the electoral vote will be cast for President Roosevelt. In other states it is simply a question of pluralities.

The "solid south" was broken by the unexpected defection of Missouri—this section of the country usually having 13 states in the Democratic column. The figures now show but 12 states, with 133 votes for Judge Parker. President Roosevelt carried all the northern states—except them in fact—and he has 248 electoral votes.

The banner state is Pennsylvania. Twenty-four hours after the polls closed the returns from this state indicated that Roosevelt's plurality would reach 400,000. Next came Illinois, where the president polled approximately 225,000 more votes than did Judge Parker. Ohio gave Roosevelt a plurality of 210,000 and New York 174,000. The New York city returns are still incomplete, but the amazement over the result has not subsided. Judge Parker carried Greater New York by only 41,000 votes.

In general the situation is chiefly interesting because of the fact that the tickets in many of the states were cut. President Roosevelt ran ahead of his ticket in many localities, notably Massachusetts, where he secured a plurality of 86,000 votes, while Bates, the Republican candidate for governor, was defeated by 35,000 by Douglas, a Democrat. In that state the legislature is Republican and the entire Republican ticket, with the exception of governor, was elected. In Missouri the circumstances are similar.

In Nebraska the definite announcement that the legislature is Republican disposes of the stories that W. J. Bryan had aspirations for a United States senatorship. In this state, too, the governorship is in doubt, and it will require official returns to determine who is elected. Both sides claim a victory.

There is a curious situation in Minnesota, where Roosevelt secured 125,000 plurality, and yet a Democratic governor and a Republican lieutenant governor were elected. The election of a Democratic governor is the second in the history of the state.

Chairman Babcock of the Republican congressional committee was returned to congress from Wisconsin, but Chairman Coward of the Democratic congressional committee was defeated in Wisconsin.

As a dramatic climax to the sensational majorities given him came President Roosevelt's formal announcement that he would not be a candidate for re-election, leading the only exciting aspect to an election night otherwise so one-sided that it was impossible for even the victors to attain that degree of enthusiasm that usually marks the occasion.

BATES IS DEFEATED

Douglas Will Be the Next Governor of Massachusetts

Boston, Nov. 9.—Although the Republicans carried Massachusetts for President Roosevelt by 82,000 plurality, they lost the governorship for the first time since 1892, William L. Douglas of Brockton defeating Governor Bates of this city by about 25,000 plurality.

Returns from 300 out of 353 cities and towns gave Parker 102,338; Roosevelt, 150,650. The same places in 1900 gave Bryan 95,400, McKinley 142,370. The returns for governor from the same places gave Bates 116,394; Douglas, 142,376.

The balance of the Republican ticket was elected: Lieutenant governor, Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston; secretary of state, William W. Olin of Boston; treasurer, Arthur B. Chapin of Holyoke; auditor, Henry E. Turner of Malden; attorney general, Herbert Parker of Lancaster.

The Democrats lost the third district and the delegation to the next congress will stand 11 Republicans to 3 Democrats. The Republicans made slight gains in both branches of the legislature, which will select two United States senators.

Governor Bates lost heavily throughout the state and especially in the manufacturing communities and this city. Boston gave Douglas a plurality of 44,043, Governor Bates failing to carry a ward with the exception of the 11th, losing even his own precinct in East Boston.

Governor Bates' defeat was totally unexpected by the party leaders. He was cut by Republican voters from one end of the state to the other. So great were the gains of the Democratic candidate over Colonel Gaston's vote last year that Republicans and Democrats alike hesitated to credit them until returns from more than half the state had been tabulated.

CONNECTICUT'S VOTE

Roosevelt's Plurality Far Ahead of McKinley's in 1900

New Haven, Nov. 9.—President Roosevelt and the entire Republican ticket carried the state by an overwhelming plurality, which was even larger than the most sanguine of the party dared to predict. It is estimated that Roosevelt's plurality will reach almost the 25,000 mark, which is several thousand ahead of McKinley's figures in 1900.

The state ticket was not far behind and from Henry Roberts, the candidate for governor, down, there was a clean sweep. Judge Robertson, the Democratic candidate for governor, polled more votes in some districts than the forecasts allowed him. Congressmen in each of the four districts and the congressmen at large were all re-elected and the legislature will remain Republican by a ratio estimated at about 2 to 1, to which is a slight gain over the ratio of two years ago.

Presidential Vote in Doubt

Baltimore, Nov. 11.—The official election returns indicate that the vote for the presidential candidates was very close—possibly 100 on either side. It is probable that Secretary of State Tamm will be called upon to decide which of the electors will be entitled to cast their votes in Washington. There is no change in the congressional situation, the Democrats and Republicans each having elected three members of the next house of representatives.

No Senate Seat For Bryan

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 11.—The fusion campaign managers admit that on the face of returns the Republicans carried everything, and, according to these figures, Bryan's chances of being sent to the United States senate fall completely.

Will Not Work in Open Shop

Boston, Nov. 11.—Not to sign an open shop agreement and not to work with a non-union engineer, was the injunction placed on its members by Boston Hoisting and Portable Engineers' union 4, at its meeting last night. Arthur M. Muddell was elected business agent and instructed to conduct a vigorous organizing campaign.

Hotel Waiter Kills Himself

Boston, Nov. 11.—David Brynglessen, aged 45, shot himself dead in his room at 210 Washington street, Brookline. Brynglessen, who had been employed as a waiter in the Beaconfield hotel, gave up his position two hours before he killed himself. He had been in Brookline about eight months and little is known of him.

Death in Court Ends Case

Adams, Mass., Nov. 11.—Mrs. Augustus Vogel, aged 51, dropped dead in the district court while awaiting the trial of the case in which she alleged assault and larceny against a neighbor. The coroner found death due to heart trouble, brought on by excitement in the case. The defendant was discharged.

Stricken Dead While Speaking

Southington, Conn., Nov. 11.—Mrs. Charles Whittles, wife of Pickett, wife of Colonel Charles W. Pickett, editor of the New Haven Leader, dropped dead while reading a paper before the Hannah Woodruff chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, last night. Heart disease was the cause of death.

Car Took His Head Off

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 11.—Wearing newly tapped shoes, Peter Tatiro, an employee of the Worcester Consolidated street railway, slipped as he was passing in front of one of the company's cars last night and, falling to the rail, was killed instantly, his head being severed.

NEXT CABINET

Hay Will Remain at Head of State Department

MOODY PLANS TO RETIRE

Ambassador Meyer May Take His Place, Though Not as Attorney General—Changes Coming in Diplomatic Service

Washington, Nov. 10.—Some important changes will be made on or before March 4. This is customary whenever a president is re-elected, and it would be especially in order now when so large a part of the administration's working corps was inherited from a previous president. Twelve years is a long time for one set of officers in the executive departments, and now that eight of these have passed, there will probably be something of a shake-up.

John Hay will not leave the state department. This may be stated on the highest authority. Nothing but a serious failure of his health would make the president willing to consider Hay's retirement, and although he is not rugged, there is every reason to believe that he will be able to continue in his great office. Seldom has the secretary of state been so distinct an issue as in this campaign. The Hay diplomacy has stood for some great ideas of international policy. Our average term for secretaries of state has been about three years. Mr. Hay, if he serves through this administration, will have had 10 years of this service.

Secretary Taft, in the war department, will remain in the cabinet, at least as long as Fuller remains in the supreme court. The president is very desirous of having Taft as attorney general, to succeed Moody, but the secretary of war's obligation to the Philippine interests is such that he hopes to remain where he is. This is a detail, however, to be worked out in the future. Moody will leave the cabinet about March 4. It is rather probable that George von L. Meyer will be the Massachusetts man in the cabinet, to follow Moody, although not in the attorney general's office.

This is not settled, by any means, since the president would like a "big Boston lawyer," of whom he has one or two in mind, in case the man could be induced to accept the place for attorney general, provided it is decided to allow Taft to remain where he is. And, of course, there would not be two cabinet places assigned to Massachusetts. Mr. Meyer will doubtless retire from the Italian mission early in the new administration, and ordinarily speaking, stands an excellent chance of being invited into the cabinet.

Paul Morton will remain in the cabinet, but possibly will be transferred to another post. Secretary Shaw has seemingly not made up his mind what to do. For years he has said that he desired to go out with this term of office, but as he is an active aspirant for the presidential nomination in 1908, it seems to his friends that he should keep before the public, and they are urging him to accept the president's invitation to remain for another term. There will be some changes in the assistant secretaries and perhaps in the bureau officers of this department.

Postmaster General Wynne will be transferred to some other post, after March 4. Frank H. Hitchcock of Somerville, Mass., will probably be made first assistant postmaster general under Cortelyou. Hitchcock was admitted to the agricultural department as a clerk. He made good progress, and in the McKinley administration was appointed chief of the division of foreign markets. When Cortelyou organized the new department of commerce he took Hitchcock into it as chief clerk, and with Cortelyou he resigned to go to New York for the campaign. It is assumed that they will go together into the postoffice department.

Ethan A. Hitchcock, the secretary of the interior, will retire. The commissioner of pensions under him, Eugene F. Ware, will also retire. He has not found the office congenial, although he has come nearer to pleasing both the intelligent taxpayers and the veterans than any occupant of the office in recent years. His order is regarding the age limits, will stand.

The public printer, Frank W. Palmer, will retire, and in so doing fill a long felt want. Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture will probably stay. He is a good officer, has a great hold on the farmers, is a spirited campaigner, and there is nobody else fitted for the position who is very eager for it. He is the only member of the present cabinet who came in at the beginning of the McKinley administration, March 4, 1897, and should be served through the term to which Roosevelt is now elected, he will have served 12 years in that post.

In the diplomatic and consular service there will be some changes. Minister Conger's retirement from the Chinese mission will be among the first. It is probable that the president will accept a good many of the resignations that come in. He has naturally built up some personal obligations through his nomination and election this year, and also has his own ideas of the men whom he would like to see in important diplomatic places. Among the McKinley appointees there are several whom he wants to promote, as he has done in the past, when occasion offers. Our consular service in China, which has already been overhauled somewhat, will be further improved.

For Reciprocity With Canada

St. Louis, Nov. 11.—At a meeting of the American Apple Growers' association Alexander McNeill of Ottawa urged the members to endeavor to secure reciprocity with Canada. According to figures submitted by Professor Taylor of Washington in recent years less than 10 percent of the production of apples has been exported.

PEACE REJECTED

Failure of Unofficial Representations by Japan

THE ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA

Will Brook No Mediation at This Time and Expects Wishes to Be Respected by Powers—International Public Opinion May Yet Prove a Great Factor

Washington, Nov. 11.—Emphatically, but with all courtesy, Russia, through her ambassadors abroad, has several times informed the neutral powers that she will brook no mediation at this time in her war with Japan. It can be announced that Russia expects her wishes will be respected by all the powers to which she has communicated her views. Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, said last night:

"I can announce that I have very good reason to believe that my government's emphatic opposition to any mediation at this time will be respected and observed by all neutral powers."

Of the suggestion made in Great Britain that the United States take the lead in a move for intervention, the ambassador hesitated to repeat what he has announced so many times, that he has positive assurances that this government, while at all times ready to offer its services, has not the slightest intention to take a step toward mediation unless invited by both belligerents. The Russian government is fully aware of the views of this government on the subject and it is deemed unnecessary at the Russian embassy here again to announce that it is confident this attitude will be strictly adhered to.

It was declared positively from London that Japan had made unofficial advances to Russia, without using any other power as an intermediary, and that Russia had promptly rejected the Tokio suggestion that the war be settled by diplomatic means. The speech of the British foreign secretary Wednesday night—a strong plea for arbitration, and a covert yet pronounced plea for Russia—fell in nicely with the theory of the London dispatch that the speech was intended as a hint to France and America that it was time for them to join forces in pressing on Russia the need, in the interest of humanity and the world at large, of ending the war at once.

Britain, as the friend and ally of Japan, France with the same relation to Russia, and America as the friend of the other four parties, were declared fit mediators. It was suggested that President Roosevelt would take the initiative. Such a movement by the three powers would have great influence, without necessarily taking on the nature of intervention.

Presumably nothing more forcible would be attempted than a strong representation to Russia of the reasons demanding the cessation of the war, and the means by which peace might be reached without a surrender of Russia's national honor. This action would come with the force of international public opinion, would of course ignore Russia's expressed unwillingness to consider mediation, and would, equally, of course, show that it meant to stop with a forcible presentation of the world's claims.

Such an action would tend to put Russia in the wrong if she refused to consider peace, just as Japan's unofficial move, which she is at liberty to repudiate officially, inevitably gives her some advantage in international opinion. The question is plainly a very difficult one. The three powers named have, however, large direct interest in seeing the war ended, and some such action as outlined is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Mill Strikers Much Encouraged

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 10.—Preparations are under way in all the mills for a resumption of operations Monday morning. The mill men do not think the chances of a successful opening are as bright as they were before the election results were announced. The overwhelming vote for Douglas in this city, largely in consequence of the activity of the union leaders in politics, has given the strikers much courage, and the manufacturers are not illud to it.

Judge Imposes Unusual Sentence

Newark, N. J., Nov. 11.—Judge Sweeney last night sentenced Mrs. Beula McCarton, aged 38, convicted before him of professional mendacity, to pay a fine of 10 cents daily for a period of two years, and that she must appear in the court each day to make the payment. The police say the woman is a member of the McCarton family, whose record extends over many cities in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Successful Clients Sued

Boston, Nov. 11.—Suits have been brought in the superior court at the relation of the attorney general against persons whose contracts with the Preferred Mercantile company have been cashed, with a view to have defendants forfeit what they received. The actions are based on a statute that has just been discovered. Officers of the company are under indictments in the federal courts on a charge of using the mails for a lottery scheme.

Cruiser Columbia Strikes Bottom

Pensacola, Fla., Nov. 11.—Cruiser Columbia, which is to convey Secretary of War Taft and his party to Panama, went ashore last night in Pensacola harbor. The cruiser lies off the light-house, eight miles from the city. Although numerous towboats and some naval vessels have endeavored to move her, their efforts have proved unsuccessful. It is expected that she will eventually be floated without injury.

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